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Being Gertrude Smith



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Chapter 1 by Breyanna Weekly

"Ok. Anytime you're ready!"

I nod and take a step back as I collect my thoughts. I take a deep breath and notice an empty seat at the judges table. I shrug it off and begin to recite my lines, "To be or--"

Wait is that....Thomas?! He ambles into the room with his perfectly coiffed hair and leather jacket hanging off his shoulder. He proceeds to sit in the empty judges chair. I can my armpits starting to burn, but I try to continue and ignore the fact that bile was rising up my throat.

"...that is.... That is the questi--"

"Sorry I'm late." he chimes in. I nearly die.

I have been in love with this boy since 2nd grade!

I left all my pencils at home every day for a year just so I could ask to borrow his. I never sharpen them as not to ruin the authenticity-- I just keep them in a box.... UNDER MY BED!

I cant finish my lines! Not with him here!

"Uhm," Thomas glances down at my headshots. "Miss Smith? You can continue anytime."

I tried to talk, but my stomach had other plans.

Chapter 2 by Lizabeth Sche



I felt my onion bagel lurch upward. I opened my mouth a bit to hopefully belch quietly. No. I projectile vomited. On the stage. In front of everyone. I tried to run and slipped, falling off the stage. I heard...

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Chapter 3 by Les



"Pahahahaha!" I heard someone cackle echo through the black box.

"You broke the stairs!"

A boy said.

"Yeah... Good job Gertie." Another voice chimed in.

I collected my thoughts and observed my surroundings. I noticed I was on the ground, my shoes were disgusting, and for some reason, I couldn't feel my left hand.

I looked down to see it was still gripping the broken stair rail. My knuckles were completely white. I let of and felt the blood flowing back to my fingers. And the last screw that was holding the rail up gave way.

BANG

It fell to the floor.

So now, I've successfully vomited, tripped and fell down the stairs, and BROKEN the stair rail.... All in front of Thomas. I have definitely reached my all time low.

I quietly exited the theatre with my hands to my side. Walking carefully so I wouldn't fall, but quickly so I wouldn't die of embarrassment.

I felt my eyes filling with tears and tried wiped them away, but ended up poking myself in the eye.

"Ow!" I sighed and slapped a hand over my now irritated eyeball.

I guess, covering my eye impaired my vision, and I didn't see the side theatre entrance door fly open!

It hit me in the face....

I lied earlier.... NOW I have reached my lowest.

Chapter 4 by Elizabeth Scho



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"I can do what I need to do. It's not that bad."

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